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Beautiful six room and bath, cement basement, furnace heat, hardwood floors and trimmings, one and a half story brick cottage located on St. Lawrence avenue, near Marquette Road, 66th street Boulevard at a bargain, if purchased at once, small amount of money required.

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We have for sale a group of five brick houses that are offered at a bargain, they are to be sold all at once, and on easy payments, three to five hundred dollars down and the balance the same as rent, they are located on South Park Boulevard near Thirty fourth street. Do you want to be a member of a syndicate that will purchase these houses? If so address X care this paper.

THE BROAD AX CAN BE FOUND ON SALE AT THE FOLLOWING NEWS STANDS:

From on and after this date The Broad Ax, can be found on sale at the following news stands:

N. B. Jones, magazines, cigars, tobacco and news stand, 248 E. 35th St.

N. C. Chalmers, cigars, tobacco, notion store and news stand, 5012 S. State street.

L. E. Chilton, news stand, S. E. corner 51st and State streets.

S. Berenbaum, Cigars, Notions and News Stand; 81 W. 51 Street, near Dearborn.

E. H. Faulkner, news agency; 3109 S. State street.

George I. Martin, maker of fine cigars and news stand, 18 W. 31st St., near State.

R. M. Harvey's barber shop and news stand, 3924 State street.

W. M. Maxwell, notions, cigars, tobacco, confections and news stand, 5244 State St.

Edward Felix, notions, cigars and news stand, 52 W. 30th St.

F. Bishop, cigars, tobacco and news stand, 3 W. 27th St., near State.

Sylvester McGlofin, news stand and laundry office, 4122 State St.

William Gaughan, laundry office cigars, tobacco and news stand, 2636 State St.

E. M. Oliver, notions, cigars and news stand, 15 W. 36th Street, near State.

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George McFar, shoe shining parlors and news stand, 3800 1/2 State street.

T. B. Hall, Laundry office, cigars, tobacco and news stand, 3618 South State street.

Fred M. Waterfield, cigars, tobacco, notions and news stand, 5202 South State street.

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Miss E. M. McClain, hair dressing parlor and news stand, 30 W. 39th street.

F. M. Diffay, cigars, tobacco, notions and news stand, 3605 State street.

No Alleviation.

A belted earl was in the habit of playing golf daily at Musselburgh. This gentleman had contracted some ailment which made his head always shake a little. Frequently he had had occasion to rebuke his caddy for excessive indulgence in alcoholic liquors, and one day he spoke to him very sharply. "Robert, you are drunk today. It is a disgrace. You are very drunk!"

"Drunk!" replied the caddy. "I know I am drunk, but I'll be sober tomorrow. You're daft, and you'll never be right!"—Dundee Advertiser.

Right Up to Date.

Mother—Are you sure you can give my daughter all the luxuries and privileges enjoyed by the married women of her set? Suitor—I can give her town and country houses, motorcars, a string of polo ponies and dancing lessons at once, and a divorce and alimony within two years.—Life.

The Inevitable Thing.

"Did you get any stock in that balloon line project?"

"Yes, but I think I paid for it more than it was worth."

"That is what was to be expected. An air line would naturally have inflated stock."—Baltimore American.

A Chance Yet.

Tom—Is it true that you proposed to Alice and were rejected? Jack—Not exactly rejected. She said when she felt like making a fool of herself she'd let me know.—Boston Transcript.

Those Uncaught Fish.

Maud—Don't you think there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught? Marie—Well, they're certainly smarter.

All He Has.

"He has a fortune in his own name."

"Worth a lot, eh?"

"No. But his name is Rich."—Detroit Free Press.

Ruskin in the Kitchen.

In her book of reminiscences, "Thirty Years of a Busy Woman's Life," Mrs. Alec Tweedie says that her father, Dr. Harley, a well known London physician, was a great friend of Ruskin and often stayed at Brantwood. One night Ruskin asked Dr. Harley whether he liked tea or coffee before he got up.

"A cup of tea," he replied.

"Why don't you choose coffee?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I have lived so much abroad that I don't fancy English coffee. It is generally so badly made."

His host said nothing. The next morning Dr. Harley was awakened, and a strong smell of coffee permeated the room. Turning to a servant, he asked, "Is that my cup of tea?"

"No, sir; it is Mr. Ruskin's coffee."

"Mr. Ruskin's coffee! What do you mean?"

"The master was up early. He roasted the coffee himself, he ground the coffee himself, and he made the coffee himself, and he hopes you will like it."

Growth of Wealth.

The wealth of the world grows very slowly, and the amount of real saving is amazingly small. If, for example, the wealth of the United States when George Washington became president was equivalent to a billion dollars—and that perhaps is not a bad guess—and this amount could have steadily earned a little over 5 per cent every year since, this gain, compounded, would exceed the present estimated wealth of this country. This means that all the rest of the saving and the gains from new enterprises and a rapidly increasing population have only just about balanced the annual waste and loss. True, more than two-thirds of the wealth of nations is still the human machine and not the visible taxable property, but the fact serves to show how slight is the annual gain even in the premier get rich quick country of the world, the United States.—Carl Snyder in Collier's Weekly.

No Simple Life at Ayr.

The "simple life" finds no sympathetic atmosphere in Scotland and, above all, not in the "Auld Ayr" of Robert Burns—

Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses For honest men and bonnie lasses.

George Ferguson Munro is a newspaper person who writes articles for a Scottish newspaper. Munro wanted to live a free, untrammelled, outdoor life. He began last spring. He wandered over hill and dale, doing nothing, finding enough to eat and drink, lying on a shaded hillside reading a good book. He interfered with no one. The earth was his bed, the starry sky his roof. When it rained he went into a barn. Yet for leading this simple life he was taken by the rough hand of the law as a vagabond and sentenced by the magistrate of Ayr to three months' hard labor.—Indianapolis News.

Dumas an Enigma.

The elder Dumas was the greatest enigma in the literary world of Paris, for who has ever been able to explain just how and when all the books that bear his name were written? He loved the mysterious for its own sake. He told me how he had dabbled in magnetic and mesmeric experiments. He spoke with absolute conviction of the power of magnetism and declared that the whole of life and society was, to his way of thinking, nothing but a manifestation of magnetic force.

His talk was like the man himself, calm, nonchalant, without a trace of emotion. He was so far above discussion as to ignore it. When he was speaking he seemed to imply by his look and manner that it made no difference to him whether you believed what he was saying or not.—Francis Grierson in Century Magazine.

Simply Separated.

The janitor of a hall in a country place was asked by an entertainer from the city if there wasn't a piano that he could use for the evening's entertainment.

"Waal, yes, there is a piano down in the cellar," said the janitor, "but you couldn't play on it—leastways, not as it is, for it's full of books."

Then the janitor bawled to his wife: "Susan, where's the works of that piano?"

And Susan's voice floated down from upstairs: "Ain't they out in the garden?"—Washington Star.

Largest Star Known.

Canopus, the largest star known, with a luminosity of 47,000 times that of the sun, is invisible from the northern hemisphere. O. R. Walkley, an English astronomer, adduces testimony at great length to prove it the central sun of the universe about which all other orbs revolve.

Appearances Deceptive.

"Thompson has made a discovery."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He says that he has discovered that the more buttons there are on a woman's coat the greater the probability that it really fastens with hooks and eyes."—Puck.

Garbage For the Dogs.

Instead of throwing her kitchen refuse into a garbage receptacle the poor Constantinople housewife puts it into a sort of kennel outside her door for the wandering dogs of the city.

Notable Exceptions.

Mrs. Bloobumper—Yes, everybody is always ready to give advice.

Bloobumper—There are exceptions.

"Are there?"

"Yes, doctors and lawyers."

Let them obey that know not how to rule.—Shakespeare.

Both Trumpeters.

Among the quaint old epitaphs collected in England by an American with a fancy for odd verse and ancient bronzes are two commemorating trumpeters. The first is often quoted: Till Angels' trumpets on the Final Day Shall blow and Graves shall open Here Abram Crumpe in his Tomb doth Lay

And Waits the Call in Hope.

The second is less known and, with all its quaintness, has a fine, bold swing to it. Moreover, the deceased, as a prose addition to the inscription makes clear, was a gallant soldier as well as a musician and had served through many campaigns, civil and foreign. Thus it runs:

When Gabriel, Angel, shall hys Trumpett blow
Uppe from the Sod commanding all below,
Vaster than Armys when those Millions rise
Answer that Summons from the Pealing Skyes,
Theres One lyes Here will joyfull Rouse at last
And sound a manful Echo to the Blast—
John Petres, Trumpetter, who All his Dayes
Blew for the Kyngs his Wars and God his Praise.

—Youth's Companion.

Both Far Away.

A prominent Kentucky lawyer had been in Jackson during the hearing of a big land case and after the strain of several weeks in the courtroom had decided to take a trip up in the mountains and enjoy the quieting influences of the hills. He traveled the paths and narrow mountain roads till he found himself, at the end of several days' journey, about forty or fifty miles from the railroad. It was about noon, the lawyer judged, for his watch had run down and he could not be exact. But in the midst of this deep contemplation the lawyer came upon an old darky sitting upon a bowlder alongside the road. "What time have you?" he asked of the old darky. "Well, suh, boss, the old watch says she's about ten minutes to 12," was the reply. "Is that sun time or railroad time?" again questioned the lawyer. "Whut difference 'at make? One's nigh as fur from heah as de yudder."—Argonaut.

Scotch Breakfasts.

Dr. Redgill, in Susan Ferrier's "Destiny," dwells on Scotch breakfasts with gusto. After proclaiming that Scotland in general is "a perfect mass of rubbish" and the cookery not fit for dogs he adds: "But the breakfast! That's what redeems the land, and every county has its own peculiar excellence. In Argyleshire you have the Lochline herring—fat, luscious and delicious, just out of the water, falling to pieces with its own richness, melting away like butter in your mouth. In Aberdeenshire you have the finnan haddock, with a flavor all its own, vastly relishing, just salt enough to be piquant without parching you up with thirst. In Perthshire there is the Tay salmon, kippered, crisp and juicy—a very magnificent morsel. In other places you have the exquisite mutton of the country made into hams of a most delicious flavor."

Judges' Gowns.

The London Law Times points out that the silk gown of the bench and bar owes its original use to its having been adopted as a form of mourning at the death of an English sovereign. On the death of Queen Mary in 1694 the present silk gown was introduced as mourning and, having been found more convenient and less troublesome than the regular dress then worn, has since been continued. The late Sir Frederick Pollock is said to have expressed an opinion in reference to the ordinary costume of the bar that the bench and bar went into mourning at the death of Queen Anne and have so remained ever since. American courts adopted the gown along with the English common law.

Bad Handwriting.

Sometimes the worst of handwriting becomes intelligible when one grasps the rules, for a man's script—particularly an author's—is frequently made difficult chiefly by his deliberate or unconscious inversion of the accepted rules of calligraphy. Henry Ward Beecher had a daughter who acted as copyist, and she read him with ease simply by remembering three principles—that in her father's manuscript no dotted letter was meant for an "i," no crossed letter stood for "t," and that no capital letter ever began a sentence.—Indianapolis News.

Where the Trouble Was.

"Mamma," said small Edmund, "I'm very sorry I ate the cake after you told me not to."

"So your conscience is troubling you, is it?" said his mother.

"I don't know," answered Edmund. "I thought it was my stomach."—Chicago News.

Chinese Junks.

Although there is no written history of the earliest bulk oil carrier, the Chinese Newchang junk, originally built for the carriage of water in bulk and afterward used for oil, must be among the earliest examples of this class of vessel.—Exchange.

A Rebuff.

Said one Indianapolis jokesmith to another: "How's your stuff selling now? Been getting any checks lately?"

"Not exactly, but I received a couple of repulses today."—Indianapolis News.

Three Vitriols.

The "three vitriols" are green vitriol (sulphate of iron), blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) and white vitriol (sulphate of zinc).

In life's small things be resolute and great.—Lowell.

Ancient Gardens.

Statues were a decorative element of which the Florentine garden architect made expensive use. At first a few antique busts were placed along the parapet of the terrace or under the central loggia, but ere long Greek gods and heroes, fauns and naiads were seen at the end of every alley, while giants and caryatides were introduced to support walls and porticoes.

One great charm of renaissance gardens was the skillful manner in which nature and art were blended together. The formal design of the giardino segreto agreed with the straight lines of the house, and the walls, with their clipped hedges, led on to the wilder, freer growth of woodland and meadow, while the dense shade of the bosco supplied an effective contrast to the sunny spaces of lawn and flower bed.

The ancient practice of cutting box trees into fantastic shapes, known to the Romans as the topiary art, was largely restored in the fifteenth century and became an essential part of Italian gardens.—New York Telegram.

Curious Telegraph Lines.

The most original telegraph line in the world once extended from La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, to the neighboring town of Oruro, a distance of about 156 miles. There are no growing trees in this part of the world, and wood of any kind is so rare that the telegraph poles were made of the same material as the natives' household furniture—dried mud. The pillars were built on stone foundations and measured about five feet square at the base, with a tapering height of fifteen feet. They were placed about 300 feet apart. Another curious telegraph line was constructed in Uganda by a British engineer, who transported growing trees to the roadside and used them as poles because he could not find any "dead" wood that would withstand the ravages of the white ants. In Dutch East India growing trees are also turned to account in this manner, but there a wire is stretched across the road between the trees on either side and the actual telegraph line suspended down the center.

Fleas as Jumpers.

The jumping powers of fleas have been much exaggerated, according to a bulletin on these insects issued by the department of agriculture. The species known as the human flea (Pulex irritans) is probably the best jumper. According to Mitzmain, the maximum horizontal distance this species can jump is thirteen inches and the maximum vertical distance less than eight inches.

The question of the flea's jumping powers is of importance in connection with the spread of bubonic plague and other diseases of which this insect is the carrier. The Indian plague commission, which has investigated the habits of the Indian rat flea, finds its maximum horizontal jump to be only five inches, while Mitzmain records the maximum height to which it can jump as three and one-eighth inches. One species of flea, the "sticktight," is nearly incapable of jumping.

Limitations of Science.

Johnny was sent to study mathematics, and the teacher told him that it was a true science.

"For instance," she said, "if it takes one man twelve days to build a house, then twelve men can build it in one day."

Johnny replied: "And 288 men will build it in an hour, 17,280 in a minute, 1,036,800 men will put it up in a second. Now, I don't believe they could build even a single brick in that time. Again, if one ship can cross the Atlantic in twelve days, twelve ships should be able to cross it in one day. I don't believe that either, so I'm not going to study mathematics." And Johnny left the teacher studying it herself.—Exchange.

Her Word of Honor.

"Don't you love me?"

"Yes, but I'm already engaged."

"Then break your engagement."

"Oh, Jack, that wouldn't be honorable! An engagement is a sacred thing, not lightly to be entered into or broken off. Besides—"

"Well?"

"Well, I'm engaged to two men, and that makes it even worse."—Boston Transcript.

Anxious to Help.

He (after the honeymoon)—Has your father said anything about helping to provide a home for us? She—Oh, yes, indeed! He said that when we had a home of our own he would buy me a cookbook and allow mother to come and teach me how to use it, even if it took a year.—New York Weekly.

Nautical.

"Father," wired the young yachtsman, "please advance me some money. My boat is entered in tomorrow's race and I'm sure she will win."

And father promptly replied, "Not with a time allowance from me."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Better Way.

"Keep on the watch. Opportunity may knock at your door."

"I'm not going to wait for that. I'm going to pound on Opportunity's door."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Poor Product.

"I'm a self made man, I am."

"Well, there is one thing you needn't worry about."

"What is that?"

"Taking out a patent."

Actinic Rays.

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